

The Critic

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Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

THE religious wars of France ended at last with the Edict of Nantes, by which the Protestants were permitted, under certain conditions, to exercise their worship. The strife of years, urged by a fanaticism which was not confined to the Roman Catholics, and which was mingled on both sides with a frenzy of hatred, greed, jealousy, and ambition, had made France a hell. It was only through the exhaustion of the combatants that peace became possible. The great champion of Protestantism, Henry IV., has been called a renegade, and, literally speaking, he was so ; but his conversion to Rome was a temporary salvation to France. Creeds and dogmas counted for little with him, but he loved his country and could not endure the spectacle of Frenchmen grappling with Frenchmen in mutual butchery. By his conversion—if his politic change of front deserves the name—he left his Protestant friends, joined his Roman Catholic enemies, and then used his new position to protect those whom he seemed to have abandoned. Nothing but this renunciation of his faith could have made the Edict of Nantes possible. As the head of the more powerful party he could insist that they should permit the weaker to live in peace. Peace accordingly was restored, and it continued through the better part of a century. The hands of the bigot and the fanatic were tied, and the Protestant was permitted to worship God without incurring the penalties of felony. Richelieu indeed, regarding the Huguenots as politically dangerous, captured their great stronghold of Rochelle and thus deprived them of their best guarantee of safety ; but the Cardinal was no bigot. He left the edict of toleration in force, and it remained for Louis XIV. to undo the work of his great predecessor and crush the unhappy Protestants, now no longer capable of resistance.

The reign of Louis XIV. is quite as remarkable in its religious as in its political aspects. In it the Roman Catholic Church, passing from strength to strength, ended at last in a triumph deadly to France and deeply injurious even to herself. Ambition leagued itself to fanaticism and bigotry ; their counsels prevailed ; the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and the act of revocation was enforced by confiscations of which the dominant party reaped the profit, and by the most atrocious and horrible persecution. Such of the Huguenots as would not renounce their faith and submit to the established church were killed, imprisoned, sent to the galleys, or driven into exile. The most intelligent, most industrious, and most virtuous class in France—the class most schooled in adversity and trained to self-government, was scoured out of the kingdom, and its enemies were left in absolute and undisputed ascendancy.

Perhaps no event in modern history was more pregnant with momentous results. Christian writers, both Protestant and Catholic, hold up to reprobation the spirit of mocking scepticism which ran riot at the Revolution. This spirit was the natural consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In denouncing it the Roman Church of France

denounces the work of its own hands and the child of its own bigotry. After 1685 no Frenchman was permitted to worship except as the dominant Church ordained. The choice was Romanism or nothing ; the religion of the triumphant hierarchy, or no religion. No hierarchy can long hold undisputed power without becoming perverted and corrupt. The Roman Church had been so before the Reformation recalled her to herself. In the presence of that great event and the host of enemies that sprang up with it she rallied her forces, braced herself for the conflict, purified herself, purged herself of vices, and put forth virtues which make that era one of the most illustrious in her annals. This period of enthusiasm, this epoch of regeneration had now passed away. It was the vices of the Church, and not her virtues, that were now conspicuous in France ; and they grew more and more so with the completeness of her triumph. In short she was no longer on her good behavior, for she no longer had a dangerous rival, and there was no more need to win adherents by the exercise of virtue. As in all countries, absolutely and exclusively Catholic, the clergy became arrogant, corrupt and greedy. Yet it was their worship or no worship. The religious sentiment was offered the sole alternative of starvation or of subsisting on Roman dogmas and Roman ceremonies, under the ministration of priests whose worldliness and licentiousness had become flagrant and notorious. The natural fruits were Voltaire, the philosophers, and the Goddess of Reason. The priest stood aghast at the fierce mockery that attacked his Order and the religion which his Order unworthily represented ; but these attacks were only a logical consequence of that which he boasted as the great and crowning triumph of his Church.

Had not France been what she was the effects of the Revocation would have been less marked. But her restless and energetic spirit, her daring activity of mind and splendid intelligence made her sure to revolt against this atrocious attempt to bridle her, and thus the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes arrayed the best intelligence of France in scornful antagonism to the hierarchy and the Church ; sometimes also to the religion of which they proclaimed themselves the sole exponents.

The Revocation was a part of that tide of civil and religious absolutism which, rolling on with a force and intensity constantly increasing, at last precipitated itself and its victims into the abyss of the Revolution. It was a powerful factor in determining the character of that portentous event. In the destruction or expulsion of the Huguenots France was, so to speak, deprived of her balance-wheel. Their presence would have acted as a tempering and restraining power, moderating the passions of the Revolution and bringing into it an element of that thoughtfulness and self-restraint to which they, more than any other body of Frenchmen, had been trained by a long course of adversity and of self-dependence. Had not the liberty of thought of which they were the representatives been uprooted, the stream of innovation would have flowed in calmer and safer channels, instead of gathering till it burst its barriers and swept everything before it in a torrent of promiscuous ruin. In revoking the Edict of Nantes Louis XIV. was but stoking up wrath against his throne and his faith.

It was this unbridled fury of the Revolution that made Napoleon inevitable. Since that day France has not ceased to vibrate from change to change. Violent action has produced violent reaction in a vicious series of which perhaps we have not yet seen the end. The instability and impulsive ascribed, with more or less of justice, to the French character may perhaps be due in part to the expatriation of those in whom the opposite qualities were most developed.

It is just two hundred years to-day since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was proclaimed, and the effects of this act of bigoted tyranny have not yet ceased. There were at the time many French Catholics who understood its character and deplored it. The famous Duc de Saint

Simon, who, though a courtier of Louis XIV., was of an independent and daring temper, declares that it was 'without the smallest pretext or the least necessity ;' that the frightful proscriptions which followed were 'the fruits of a horrible plot which gave up the country to open and acknowledged plunder by the soldiery, depopulated a fourth part of it, ruined its trade and weakened it throughout ; tore asunder countless families and set relatives against relatives for the purpose of robbing them.' And he adds that it filled the whole kingdom with perjury and sacrilege, since great numbers of Huguenots abjured their faith to save their lives or prevent evils which they dreaded more than death ; for women and children were deliberately subjected to outrage from the dragoons quartered upon Protestant households as apostles of conversion.

But if some renounced their faith many held fast to it. The prisons and the galleys were the lot of some of these, while others were more fortunate and escaped to carry their skill, their industry and their virtues to Protestant lands. England and Holland gained what France had lost, and the British American colonies reaped profit from the madness of Louis XIV. In several of the old seaboard States there is at this day a large infusion of Huguenot blood. More than a hundred and fifty exiled families took refuge in New England, and their quality is shown by the fact that so large a proportion of them became prominent in the land of their adoption. John Paul Mascarene was made Governor of Nova Scotia. James Bowdoin (Baudouin) succeeded John Hancock as Governor of Massachusetts. Peter Faneuil built Faneuil Hall, the 'Cradle of Liberty,' and gave it to the town of Boston. Gabriel Bernon, a leader among the exiles, has left a multitude of prominent descendants in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. The ancestors of John Jay and Elias Boudinot were exiled Huguenots settled in New York. Solomon Legaré, moving from New England to the South, became ancestor of the eminent legislist and scholar, Hugh Swinton Legaré. General Francis Marion, of the Revolution, was sprung from Benjamin Marion, a Huguenot refugee in South Carolina. The blood of Peter Chardon flows in the veins of numerous descendants, including the children of the elder Charles Francis Adams and of the late Edward Everett, who married daughters of Peter Chardon Brooks, through whose sister the writer of this shares the same Huguenot inheritance.

October 22d, 1885.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Reviews

Agassiz's Life and Letters.*

BIOGRAPHICAL literature, which certainly forms one of the most valuable and instructive departments of reading, has in our day reached somewhat undue proportions. Instead of studying the writings of eminent authors, too many readers are content to learn how and what these authors wrote, with whom they lived, what were their virtues and their foibles, and what their likes and dislikes. Then, too, the popular fondness for biographical reading has led to an expansion of the biographies themselves, until two large volumes are needed to bring the story of Garrison's life down to 1840, or of Carlyle's to 1835. This is adopting the scale used by Macaulay in his History of England, and forms a dangerous habit when we consider the small number of books read in a year by a person of average intelligence.

Once in a while, however, appears a biography so attractive as to disarm the critic, and to impel him to urge that the life-record be studied promptly and enthusiastically. Such a one is the newly-published life of Agassiz, edited by his wife. Mrs. Agassiz has not rushed into print, with the unseemly haste of too many affectionate or money-making Plutarchs of to-day. It is twelve years since the great naturalist passed beyond this world, and the present work

bears every mark of care and completeness. One volume describes his European career, which is unfamiliar to Americans ; and another chronicles his work here, which, as Mrs. Agassiz says in her preface, is 'unfamiliar to many in his native land.' The story begins, of course, 'in the beautiful Pays de Vaud,' when

A child in its cradle lay,
And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

and carries it forward to the times when 'the prayer of Agassiz' rose from the Penikese strand, and when, a little later, Agassiz's poet-friend, alone at Nahant, exclaimed :

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
. . . . Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent ? Why shouls't thou be dead ?

The scientific chronicle and the personal record are kept along so simultaneously and so smoothly that the reader hardly knows whether he is more instructed or more entertained. The winsome life-story reminds one, in some ways, of the portrayal of Hawthorne's, in his son's biography of the romancer, and marks the difference between the home and personal career of a great man in the Nineteenth Century and that of a Bacon or Marlowe, a Franklin or Sheridan. The illustrations are all unfamiliar, and the portrait of the boy Agassiz at nineteen is particularly interesting. The steel-engraving by the late C. H. Jeens, here reproduced from *Nature*, does not do justice to the kindly and animated face of Agassiz in the lecture-room. The principal criticism we would make on the work concerns its price. The pages are somewhat padded ; the use of smaller type and broader lines need not have sacrificed beauty, and might have brought the work within a single volume. A page of Stedman's 'Poets of America' contains nearly twice the matter printed on one of these pages.

Pontalis's John De Witt.*

WITH one exception, no adequate history of John De Witt existed in English before the appearance of the present translation ; and that work, though adequate as far as it has gone, is still incomplete. It is Geddes's 'Administration of John De Witt,' of which the first volume brings down to the year 1654 the history which M. Pontalis has here treated *in extenso*, or from the birth of the statesman in 1625 to his tragic death in 1672. His work is based in large part upon new material—upon 'the inexhaustible treasures' of the French Foreign Office, the archives of the Hague, of the Royal Library, and of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, with family papers and records communicated by lineal descendants of the Grand Pensioner. These materials have served M. Pontalis for a clear and full account of a very interesting epoch in the history of Holland, the twenty years from 1652, when John De Witt, then but twenty-five years of age, was called to the Presidency or Grand-Pensionership of the Dutch Republic. The first chapter describes the antecedent conditions and the political environment of the time. In the second the family, birth and training of the young statesman are depicted ; and the rest of the work is given to the history of his administration and of Holland, a history which was also in large part that of France and of England for the same period. The narrative has all the excellences of a clear style and attractive substance ; and the translation is well done. What we may call the limitation, rather than the fault, of M. Pontalis's book is one that

* Louis Agassiz : His Life and Correspondence. Edited by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. 2 vols. \$4. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland ; or, Twenty Years of a Parliamentary Republic. By M. Antonie Lefèvre Pontalis. Translated by S. E. and A. Stephenson. 2 vols. \$9. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

is almost inevitable in any extended historical work. It is that to some extent the details obscure the principles of the actions related ; the city cannot be seen for the houses. The governing forces, social and political, are apt to be lost sight of in attending to their special phenomena. From this defect only the most lucid power of generalization can save the historian—such a power as that which M. Taine, for instance, possesses in an eminent degree, and which is eminently lacking in Mr. Geo. Bancroft. This gift is more than ever needed in these days when the historian must equip himself even to embarrassment with data. The abundance of material makes the clear perception and telling statement of its meaning doubly important. M. Pontalis is not devoid of this gift ; his story carries the reader along, and the reader who is accustomed to unravel for himself the causes of great events may run as he reads these clear and telling pages. Yet for other readers there is needed what we lack in this excellent work—some such clear and concise statement of the causes of the power of the Republic and the causes of its overthrow as that which the student of history may formulate for himself, sooner or later, respecting this epoch.

Such a general view, illustrative of our meaning, we may state as follows in closing : The Dutch confirmed their position and their power by their triumphs over Spain in the Sixteenth Century. They had acquired immense wealth as a result of prosperous commerce and by the destruction of the commerce of their enemies. Their government was reduced to the simplest terms : every city was governed by its own magistracy, and the manners of the people were republican. Their admiral, De Ruyter, on returning from a great naval victory, had walked home carrying his own carpet-bag. What destroyed the power and changed the simplicity of the Dutch ? Two things : money pride and family pride. As Labberton says in his admirable 'Outlines' : 'The military spirit was lost in the pursuits of commerce. In the appointments to public offices more regard was paid to the families than to the qualifications of the candidates. Nothing remained of the ancient victories but the remembrance of them, by which Holland was so dazzled that she ventured to offend even Louis XIV. In four weeks the country was in possession of the French.' John De Witt was a pure, able and patriotic, but a mistaken, ruler. His policy brought his country to the verge of destruction, and left it in a permanently lower position than before ; and he had to pay for his mistakes with his life. The story of his downfall brings to an almost abrupt termination the record of these interesting volumes.

"Bric-a-Brac Stories." *

THE most celebrated cooks of ancient times were the priests, the most delightful story-tellers of modern times are the women. At the pontifical banquets of the Roman augurs, roasted peacock tongues and other dainties first came into vogue ; at the intellectual banquets of the Nineteenth Century, women are the waiters and servers, the spicers and caterers, the compounders and hand-maidens. The art of story-telling is a rare art known in its perfection to the Bedouin of the desert, the story-tellers of Constantinople, and the hauntings of the *khans* of Damascus. Far up in Denmark and Iceland it flourished in rare perfection, and stories charged with incomparable simplicity, dramatic effect, and picturesqueness, fell from the lips of saga-tellers and Danish improvisatores. The Germans, too, in the persons of Musæus, Hauff, Fouqué and Chamisso, possess the original gift of throwing into simple and thrilling speech the wonder-world of child-life, rich with all the imaginative lights and shades of the Teutonic race-bent. It seemed for a while as if the gift of story-telling had been wrested from the English race and transferred irretrievably to the Ander-

sens, the Grimms, and the Icelanders. Could we, swaddled in our luxurious and complicated civilization, so far divest ourselves of self-consciousness as to wander again, delightfully self-oblivious, in the dewy fields of childhood, throw ourselves into the life and heart of children, take the child's point of view about all this mysterious half-alive world, and look once again, with eyes as big as saucers, on all the wonders about us ? It seemed impossible ; for how could we saucy butterflies go back into the twilight of our cocoons ? But—here came along Alice with her wonderland, Aunt Margaret with her mirror, Robin Hood with his delectable boots, the new Arabian Nights with their 'twinkle, twinkle little stories,' and, last but not least, 'Bric-à-Brac Stories,' with all their marvels and ingenuities ! Can anybody say now that the Arabian story-tellers in their dim bazaars are better talkers than our bright women ?

Mrs. Burton Harrison deserves a long and overflowing Christmas stocking crammed full of thanks—and cheques—for her charming book of stories, which is a true benefaction to lingers by late firesides or people who sit up long o' nights. The idea which pervades her book is ingenious. The central personage is little Regi, who, immured in a grand Fifth Avenue mansion, listens to the wonderful stories of the bric-à-brac ornaments in Mr. Stanley's parlors as they recount their strange adventures and conjure up thrilling memories of the lands and scenes and hands through which they have passed. Thus the Arabian Pipe tells a story of the East, the French Fan relates the history of King Charming, the Swiss Clock coos and cuckoos wonderfully from its balcony, and quill-pens, Scotch hunting-horns, Moorish dishes and silver porringers grow glib with their remarkable fates and fortunes. As each object is representative of a certain country, so each story, in general, busies itself about the land of its birth ; and thus, in a happy and instructive way, with a touch as deft as thistle-down, Mrs. Harrison weaves her spangled woof and presents us and the children with a many-colored scarf gay with the hues of a dozen countries. Nor does she every forget for a moment the true child's point of view. While she gathers her stories from far and wide—from Asbjörnsen and Boccaccio, from Daudet and Caballero, from Leyden and Weiland, compounding like a keen *cuisinière* spices from Spain, from France, from Norway, America, Wales, Italy, England, and Germany—she rewrites and reinspires them, localises and colors them to suit her own fancy, and gives them to us filled with the piquant charm of her own individuality. We only wish our bric-à-brac talked so entertainingly !

Jean Ingelow's Latest Poems. *

THE title and first page of this collection are linked together by a welcoming poem from Susan Coolidge to Jean Ingelow. Its first stanza refers to the poet's past productions ; the second excites curiosity, and awakens expectancy.

Now farther on in womanhood,
With trained voice and ripened art,
She gently stands where once she stood,
And sings from out her deeper heart.

The reader is not misled by this appreciative and propitiatory prologue. He will find 'trained voice and ripened art,' a depth of feeling and breadth of treatment which characterize the products of a poetic temperament, supplemented by experience in life and culture in art. 'Rosamund,' the initial poem, is a chapter of patriotic, paternal, filial and womanly love, interwoven with a page of history. The North of England man quaintly and dramatically minglesthe story of the Armada's advance and defeat with that of the Spaniard who stole the heart of Rosamund. 'Echo and the Ferry' exhibits Miss Ingelow in her happiest rôle, as the interpreter of childhood's nature. Stedman notices how hard it is for Browning to avoid identifying himself

* Bric-à-Brac Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Walter Crane. \$2. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Poems of the Old Days and the New. By Jean Ingelow. \$1.25. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

with his characters. He says of 'Pippa Passes': 'The usual fault is present: the characters, whether students, peasants or soldiers, all talk like sages.' And Goldsmith insisted that Dr. Johnson's minnows would talk like whales. But in Jean Ingelow's poems of childhood, one feels the actual presence, hears the prattle, and sees the wondering face.

'Preludes to a Penny Reading' is in quite another vein. It introduces us into the inner life of a country parish, affords us glimpses of an existence far from the hum of humanity as it battles for breathing-space in crowded cities. There is much quiet humor and several clever but not ill-natured touches of satire in this poem, which is dramatic in form and is interspersed with several pretty songs.

Into the rock the road is cut full deep;
At its low ledges village children play.

And these children are the small figures on Fate's chess-board—the orphans of sailors lost at sea, orphans at play on the brink of the grave where their fathers lie buried 'ten fathoms deep,' while widowed mothers, with tear-dimmed eyes, watch and wait, knowing that the voice of 'Kismet' is all-powerful.

Still the old tale; but they are children yet.
O let their mothers have them while they may!
Soon it shall work, the strange mysterious fret
That mars both toil and play.

The sea will claim its own, and some will mourn:
They, also they, but yet will surely go—
So surely as the planet to its bourn,
The chamois to its snow.

'Dora' contains lines of tenderest sympathy for hearts that mourn over 'one vacant chair.' 'Speranza,' though dedicated to the mysteries of this and the after life, opens with a characteristic and charming description of the woods and streams of England. 'The Bell-Bird' is the least attractive of the longer poems, though it contains some charming passages and poetic thoughts. 'The Sleep of Sigismund' is the longest of these storied poems, and it points a moral after the manner of parable and fairy-tale. 'The Maid-Martyr' is a pathetically tragic story told by the lover of one sacrificed by the torch of unsuccessful proselytism. 'If I Forget Thee, O Jerusalem!' is a memory of childhood's scenes and impressions, and is characterized by naturalness of treatment and by graceful transitions from grave to gay, from lively to severe. 'Nature for Nature's Sake' has for its key-note the brotherhood of all of God's creations. All are under the same omnipotent eye, and the lowest may have an inner life man knows not of, but from highest to humblest all appeal to human sympathy. The noticeable feature of this last sheaf of songs which this sweet singer has laid at our feet, is the dramatic element of the longer poems and their superiority over the shorter ones. The faults of obscurity, of gratuitous inversion of words, of unnecessary and affected elisions, are occasionally met with, but they 'like our shadows prove the substance true.'

"The Last Meeting."

IN these days of extremes, when almost all our novels are either wildly entertaining from their sensationalism or gently pleasing from their undoubted realism, it is a pleasure to take up anything so artistic in being exactly what it professes to be—a story—as the new novel by Brander Matthews. It is distinctively what, for want of a better term, may be called a long short-story, in comparison with the three volumed novel which covers the whole life-time of the heroes and heroines, or which is otherwise prolonged by dealing with every thought and experience and cup of coffee enjoyed during a week or a month by the participants, whether important to the plot or not. As a long short-story, then, this possesses to a very high degree all the qualities

essential to success. It is brief, compact, salient; every word of it is worth reading, and reveals either character or bearing on the plot; it is more dramatic than many a drama; it is packed, as full as a nut is with meat, with thrilling, intricate story, which is yet not impossible; and it rouses in us not only a strong curiosity to know the end, but a sympathetic interest which makes us feel that if the hero does not turn up safely in the last chapter, we must go out on the street and help in the search for him. It is eminently a human story. It deals with lovable people; what is more, with lovable rich people. Its men are not heroes, perhaps, but they are honorable gentlemen, who are good comrades, who talk well, who are faithful friends, who can love a woman tenderly, sweetly, nobly. Its women are not heroines; they are the average, picturesque, attractive young girls of New York society, who are not necessarily frivolous because they go to balls, nor silly because they wear lovely gowns. Even Miss Pussy Palmer, as the canonical enlivener of the high tragedy, is not only endurable with her slang and nonsense, but is very lovable; and when she tells her lover that he need not speak to her again till Olyphant turns up alive, because she believes he is alive and her lover persists that he is not, she is delicious. There is not an ill-natured thing in the book. There is a good big villain to hate, but there is nobody to despise. Even the funny little narrow-minded Englishman you like almost best of all. If it were a portrait from life, the original would hardly take offence at it. As for the plot, it is one of the most ingenious possible. That the motive for revenge in the dark Levantine Greek should be the fact that Olyphant had twice saved his life, putting him in the inferior position of one under an obligation, is exceedingly fine and novel; and the closing scene where Olyphant nearly saves his life again is as dramatic as anything ever put upon the stage. The book has therefore the unique merit of being at once a wholesome society novel, a strikingly dramatic and thrilling tale, and a tender love-story.

And now, in his next novel, will not Mr. Matthews speak a little more kindly of critics?

"Old London Street Cries."*

'SINCE Lydgate's time the cries of London have been a stock subject for ballads and children's books, of which, in various forms, some hundreds must have appeared within the last two centuries. . . . In the books there is usually a cut on each page with a cry printed above or underneath, and in addition a verse of descriptive poetry, which, if not of the highest order, serves its purpose.' Mr. Tuer has gone diligently to work and compiled out of these forgotten or neglected sources a small volume replete with instruction for the antiquary and the deliver in verbal antiquities. It is quaintly tied with tape, and overflows with illustrations drawn from the olden times. Incidentally these cries illustrate the times in which they were uttered, and which in a measure become articulate through them. The mighty Babylon of the isles was always vocal with music of this flexible kind, and even now the trans-Atlantic wayfarer is puzzled with the orthoëpic hieroglyphics which abound in its streets. In this particular, London streets are fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Mr. Tuer's book, originally printed in all the luxury of a guinea edition, was so popular that it has now appeared in a shilling dress. It throws valuable light on the manners and customs of bygone times and furnishes an amusing chapter in the history of civilization, or what our German contemporaries call *culturgeschichte*. Such ragged edges and tattered fringes of literature and literary life often throw unexpected light on an obscure epoch, or illuminate quaintly periods already well-known. They give hints and hallowing touches which no genuine historian can afford to despise or neglect in his delineation of

* The Last Meeting. By Brander Matthews. \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Old London Street Cries and the Cries of To-day, with Heaps of Quaint Cuts, By A. W. Tuer. 50 cts. New York: Scribner & Welford.

the past, crowded as that delineation may be with what are considered more important 'facts.' Old London had a manifold and multifarious voice, as many-toned as the ocean itself, and here it echoes as in that marvellous *cavea* at Naples, wherein, as in an ear-drum, all the multiplex sound and voice and reverberation of the great city are concentrated—a true acoustic microcosm.

Recent Fiction

'AS WE WENT MARCHING ON,' by Dr. G. W. Hosmer, (Harper) is a clever and ingenious war-story—brief, but full of plot, adventure, and amusing scenes. There is a great deal of story in it, and many incidents dramatically powerful; but not the least enjoyable part of the book is the entertaining account of military emergencies: the rubber blankets spread over sleeping soldiers like old-fashioned beauty-patches on the face of nature; the rail-fence that protected the regiment from the enemy 'as a gridiron protects a beef-steak from the fire'; the ridiculous history of the coffin used as a storehouse; the absurd description of the nondescript chicken-soup; and the incongruity of the cheerful chant of Hayward the Sergeant,

A soldier's life is always gay,—
Always ga—y,

combined with his complaint: 'too wet to burn—yes, siree; and what's worse, orders not to burn it: no fires till after rev-er-lee—and, by Jingo, no reverlee!' The story is very original, and the interest never flags.

'A MISSION FLOWER,' by George H. Picard, (White, Stokes & Allen) bears in its first few chapters the stamp of novelty, and develops into an extremely dramatic and picturesque story, formed from a series of clear, delicious little pictures that are something quite original in the fiction of the day. It is a very great advance upon the author's earlier effort, 'A Matter of Taste.' There is not a great deal of plot, and the reader quite forgets what the story attempts to be, in following the characters and interviews of people admirably distinct in portraiture. The strong point of the book is what is almost universally the weak one in the best of novels—the conversations. These, especially those between Madame Clement and Father Caron, are simply delightful. In a word, the book is interesting. Catholic stories are always picturesque to the most stern Protestants, and convent life is wrought into this story with wonderful effectiveness; the simplicity of the close, like one of Boughton's pictures, being singularly striking and dramatic from its very simpleness.

THE delightful short stories by Ivory Black that have appeared in *The Century* are now gathered together under the general title of 'Color Studies' in a dainty little book issued by Charles Scribner's Sons with the true name of the author—Mr. Thomas A. Janvier. Piquant, novel and ingenious, these little stories, with all their simplicity, have excited a wide interest. The best of them, 'Jaune D'Antimoine,' is a little wonder in its dramatic effect, its ingenious construction, its happy combination of exquisite comedy with the intensity which touches the deepest springs of sympathy. The touch is at once so delicate and so funny, so intellectual and so laughable, that to read the story is to give one's self an hour of very keen enjoyment.—'MRS. HOLLYER,' by Georgiana M. Craik, (Franklin Square Library) is a rather pretty and ingenious story, somewhat too long drawn out, showing how a young girl so painfully shy as to be quite uninteresting at eighteen, carries off all the honors at twenty-eight.

A UNIQUE and fascinating story is 'The Autocrat of the Nursery,' by L. T. Meade. (A. C. Armstrong & Son.) It deals with the pranks of a lot of spirited children, and no one is too old or too wise to enjoy reading it. Besides the

fun, which is deliciously funny, there is a tender dignity of tone which raises this record of frolics above the level of the rollicking 'Helen's Babies.' Nothing could be funnier, and yet nothing could be more sweet and tender. Buy it for your little ones, and then read it to them yourself. You will enjoy even more than they do the efforts of these fictitious little children to try and do something very brave. Perhaps the best of these efforts was the decision of the older boys to save their sister's life by burying her in the snow and then coming to rescue her. They are led off before the rescue by a desire to see some lop-eared rabbits, reconciling with their conscience poor Nell's additional time of waiting with the thought that she will be more like 'a real dead one' when they do come back to save her.

THE humble critic who has learned to accept himself as, next to the mother-in-law, the best of targets for mirth from his fellowmen, gasps with astonishment to find himself actually the hero of a new novel—'Babylon,' by Grant Allen, who writes over the *nom-de-plume* of Cecil Power. (Franklin Square Library.) That is, he is even better than the hero; for he is the power behind the throne that makes the hero and saves the life of the hero's friend, simply by writing a few words of favorable criticism of the hero's pictures in his 'Fortuna Melliflua.' Here is appreciation at last, and we would fain believe that our own high praise of the author's earlier and singularly fine novel of 'Philistia' had won for him a success which inspired him to write thus generously of the influence of critics. 'Babylon' is not as good as 'Philistia,' but it is good.

'SLINGS AND ARROWS,' by Hugh Conway, (Holt's Leisure Hour Series) is a collection of short and entertaining stories of the ingeniously thrilling kind, just saved from being merely sensational by a certain fineness perceptible in even the wildest of Mr. Fargus's work. The first of these tales holds the reader with a relentless fascination of curiosity up to the very last moment, when the story is found to depend on one of those inevitable secrets which need never have been a secret, except to develop a literary plot. These tales with their constant refrain of 'He must never, never know!' serve a good purpose, if only to prove that, as in the case of most secrets of the kind, he might just as well have known as not—indeed, that he had much better have known, for everybody's sake.—'FOR LILLIAS' (Lippincott's) is a pretty and interesting story, quite the prettiest that Rosa Nouchette Carey has written. It is a good deal to say of it that one is tempted to read and finish it in spite of the unreasonably fine print in which it is issued.

Minor Notices

TWO noteworthy contributions to the series of 'The World's Workers,' (Cassell & Co.) are 'Benjamin Franklin,' by E. M. Tomkinson, and Abraham Lincoln, by Ernest Foster, with portraits. Both are models for such kind of writing—brief, vivid, entertaining, full of new and illustrative anecdotes, and giving a clear and definite comprehension of each of the two great men commemorated. Recent issues in the same series contain sketches of Richard Cobden, by Richard Gowing, and Florence Nightingale, Frances Ridley Havergal, and others, by Lizzie Alldridge, with portraits. Although prepared by different writers, these little books all exhibit unusual skill in presenting just the salient points for biography which result in a clearer portraiture of the individual than many more elaborate in detail.—A MOST interesting and valuable book is the 'Marvels of Animal Life,' illustrated, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) It is beautifully issued, with fine pictures, clear print and excellent paper, tempting one to the reading of new and wonderful facts. It is simple and clear enough to please children, but novel and entertaining enough to be of interest to every one.

'As solemn as a Spaniard' is a phrase which has grown proverbial in spite of the irresistible anatomy of the Knight of La Mancha; yet its injustice has been proved for the forty-seventh time, and never more copiously or variously than in 'The New Laughing Library,' as we may roughly translate 'Nueva Biblioteca de la Risa,' 'por una Sociedad de Literados de Buen Humor.' (D. Appleton & Co.) This 'library' consists of one thick volume, paper-bound. It would have made him that 'never smiled again' a laughing philosopher, for it is a joke-book full as a cook-book of recipes to cure solemnity, heighten hilarity, and promote good humor in all Spanish-speaking and Spanish-loving circles. The only trouble is that the *cuentos* and *chistes*, *equivocos* and *bolas* succeed one another with such suddenness and abundance that it is more like 'perusing' a dictionary than reading a jest-book. Poems, anecdotes, epigrams, feats of marvel and surprise, tales grotesque and quixotic, jokes and juggleries follow so gaily on one another's heels that one can only indulge in the book a sip or a thimbleful at a time for fear of 'mixing drinks' rather too encyclopedically. All, however, contain magentrost—that famous herb in the famous soup concocted by the dwarf Nase in Hauff's tale. The book, in fact, is a true 'stomach comforter.'—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS issue, with colored borders on each page, 'Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones,' compiled by Mary J. Morrison. One or two of the selections, such as 'The Donation Party,' are hardly appropriate for 'little ones,' but the book contains a large number of old and reliable favorites.

IN their Wonders of Art and Archaeology Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are supplying a cheap and readable series of volumes having to do with the artistic and archaeological remains of antiquity. Volume I. treats of 'Egypt 3300 Years Ago,' and is a moderately well done translation from the French of F. de Lanoge. The plates from which this edition is printed are evidently much worn, and the text of the work is more rhetorical and declamatory than one would like in a book designed for popular instruction and amusement. This, however, is the fault of the author, not of the translator or publisher. The book is illustrated, and gives a good deal of information, drawn from the monuments and from Herodotus, of prehistoric Egypt. The correspondence of Ampère, the travels of Burckhardt, the interpretations of Birch, and the researches of Champollion have all been drawn on to supply the author with his facts and details. Sunday-school libraries would find this series useful to their readers.—AN elaborate and careful compilation of interesting matter, entertaining to read and valuable as a book of reference, is the 'Legends and Superstitions of the Sea and of Sailors,' by Fletcher S. Bassett. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) It is exhaustive in its information, though each fact in itself is put briefly and to the point, and a pleasing feature of the book is the quotation from standard literature of passages alluding to the various superstitions.

ANY book that is worth publishing deserves better print than has been given to 'Malthus and His Work,' by James Bonar, M.A. (Harper's Handy Series.) There seems little reason why one interested enough in Malthus to plod through these three hundred pages of the finest possible print, should not read Malthus himself. A book to give briefly, pertinently, and vividly the salient points of Malthus's theories and philosophy, would be valuable; but the present volume is unattractively dry, and as hard to extract the meat from as any of Malthus's own could be.—'THE World's Lumber-Room,' by Selina Gage (Cassell & Co.), is intended to give in popular form an account of the many ways in which refuse is disposed of, either by nature or by man. It is, in fact, a treatise with that text 'Alles ist weg' from one of Hans Andersen's pretty stories, illustrating that nothing is really ever lost or destroyed.

The Critic

Fair in Foul.

SHRINED closely in its foul molluscan shell,
(Ah! think of Beauty in *that* cloistral cell!)
White as the pure soul of a stainless girl,
Shines the clean glory of the perfect pearl!

COPSE HILL, GROVETOWN, GA. PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A Ghost.

THERE comes a ghost, and on the pane of life
Blots out its clearness with his icy breath;
Hiding from sight the flaws and diamond scrawls
That marred it once. His name, O friend, is Death.
WOODVILLE, MISS. JULIE K. WETHERILL.

Why Browning is a Liberal.

MR. HENRY NORMAN sent last Saturday to the American papers of which he is the London correspondent, and of which *The Evening Post* is one, some interesting extracts from Cassell & Co.'s forthcoming book called 'Why am I a Liberal?' The volume consists of personal confessions of faith by the best minds of the Liberal party, collected and edited by Andrew Reid. It opens with a sonnet by Robert Browning, which we quote below. Mr. Gladstone sends the following definition: 'The principle of Liberalism is trust in the people, qualified by prudence. The principle of Conservatism is mistrust in the people, qualified by fear.' Lord Rosebery answers: 'Because I wish to be associated with the best men in the best work.' Mr. Chamberlain writes: 'Progress is the law of the world. Liberalism is the expression of this law in politics.' Fifty prominent Liberals combine to make this a splendid campaign document. Mr. Browning's sonnet is as follows:

Why? Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,
Whence comes it, save from fortune setting free
Body and soul, the purpose to pursue,
God-traced for both? Of fetters not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me.
These shall I bid men, each in his degree,
Also God-guided, bear, and gayly, too?
But little do or can the best of us;
That little is achieved through liberty.
Who then dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is why.

The Lounger

COL. R. E. WHITMAN sends me this note:—English as well as American journals have handled Miss Cleveland rather roughly for daring to change the wording of 'the divine bard,' in her rendering of 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.' Montaigne, in his essay 'Of Managing One's Will,' says: 'Most of our business is farce: *Mundus universus exercet histrioniam*. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. We must play our part well, but withal as the part of a borrowed personage.' Curiously enough, I find in Hazlitt's edition, re-edited by O. W. Wight, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., this well-worn aphorism in quotation marks! Are we to believe that Solomon was prophetic, as well as retrospective, in his declaration that 'There is nothing new under the sun?' Emerson admits that Shakespeare 'did owe debts in all directions, and was able to use whatever he found'; and further, that 'a single volume of Florio's translation of Montaigne is the only book which we certainly know to have been in the poet's library.' As 'Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it,' it is easy to see how this jewel came to have a Shakspearean setting in the pessimistic philosophizing of the melancholy Jaques; but if Mr. Wight or his proof-reader is not at fault, to whom was Montaigne indebted for it?

I DO NOT remember to have seen any previous allusion to this discovery. If the words Col. Whitman quotes occur in 'resolute John Florio's' translation of Montaigne, a copy of which in the British Museum bears one of Shakspeare's five autographs, it is indeed a delightful 'find,' proving that Shakspeare not only put his name in the book but read it. If they occur not in Florio's, but in some later translation, nothing is proved but that the translator helped himself to Shakspeare's words. 'Tutus mundus agit histriorum' was the motto of Shakspeare's theatre, the Globe, and the idea, expressed in one language or another, is as old as antiquity.

MR. L. S. METCALF, who for the past nine years had been connected with *The North American Review*, severed his connection with that periodical in July. For three years and a half he had had charge only of the publication of the *Review*; the rest of the time he not only published it but had editorial control under Mr. Rice, who has always, even when in Europe, held the editorial reins. Now Mr. Rice has no managing editor, but conducts the *Review* himself. He has, however, numerous assistants, among whom are Mr. George Ferris, Mr. James Redpath, and a son of Mr. Henry George. The *Review*, by the way, has struck out in new paths of late and has followed *The Century's* lead in the matter of War papers. Mr. Rice's idea seems to be to give people what they want in the way of reading-matter, whether the traditions of the *Review* have to be sacrificed or not. Mr. Metcalf has been taking a needed vacation since his resignation and is looking uncommonly well. He has not decided just what his future course will be, but he is too old a journalist to leave the profession entirely.

SALVINI has returned to us and is acting upon the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. There is no other actor who could fill this enormous stage as Salvini does. He is a giant in his art, and he makes himself look a giant in size, though he is really no taller than some of the men by whom he is surrounded. I heard an actor say that it was very hard to get a company together to play with Salvini—that he dwarfs them so completely by his greatness that they are constantly reminded of their shortcomings and cannot do their best. In these days of stage pygmies to see an actor of Salvini's greatness is an opportunity not to be lost.

I HAVE heard a lady—an expert in such matters—say that almost any man could make his voice as fine as Salvini's if he only knew how to use it. Salvini, she says, puts as much art into the management of his voice as into his acting. See how he holds himself—how he speaks with his chin down, and 'places' the voice in the top of the head. His notes never sound 'throaty,' and the vocal chords are never strained. He can play a most exhausting rôle—Othello, for example—and his voice will be just as fresh when he leaves the stage as it was when the play began. Another actor after playing such a part will be as hoarse as a crow. The secret of this voice 'placing' is one worth knowing. I am told that it is very simple when one gets the hang of it.

A SPANIARD living in this city had long been under the impression that the name of Farragut pointed to a Spanish ancestry for the famous American sea-fighter; and, chancing to meet a member of the Admiral's family at the club a week or two ago, he found that he was right. The Farraguts came originally from Majorca—an island noted for its good mariners and large shipping trade. It is interesting to think of our splendid naval officer as descended from a race of hardy sailors of another land.

A NOTE in the Philadelphia *Press* of last Monday announces the impending sale of Joseph Bonaparte's park at Bordentown, N. J. The place is to be put up at auction on Tuesday, November 24, by M. Thomas & Sons, acting under direction of the executors of the will of the late Henry Beckett, formerly British Consul at Philadelphia. The press says that Joseph's 'mansion and country-seat' will be sold. This is a mistake. The 'mansion' was destroyed by Mr. Beckett, who took this step when he bought Point Breeze, thirty-five years ago, to discourage sight-seers from infesting the premises. The place is beautifully situated on a bluff overlooking a winding creek that pours into the Delaware just beyond the point where the English purchaser erected a handsome country-house that is still standing. Historic memories cluster about the park. Lafayette and other famous Frenchmen visited Joseph there; Marshal Murat's son

(Joseph's nephew), the late Prince Murat, lived within a hundred yards of the high wooden fence that surrounds it; Napoleon III. saw the place and alluded to it in a letter to his mother; and within a stone's throw of the entrance was born Murat's daughter, the Duchesse de Mouchy, Eugénie's dearest friend.

Dr. Farrar in New York.

EIGHTEEN covers were laid for a complimentary breakfast tendered to Archdeacon Farrar at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, last Monday, by his American publishers—Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. Later in the morning, the English divine shook hands with nearly two hundred American clergymen in Mr. Cyrus W. Field's drawing-room in Gramercy Park. The Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, delivered a brief address of welcome. He said:—

ARCHDEACON FARRAR: I have been honored with an invitation to say a few introductory words of welcome to you, on behalf of the clergymen of different Christian communions assembled here, before you receive from them their individual salutations. I am happy to perform this brief and simple preliminary office. Different schools of philosophical and Christian thought are doubtless represented among those present, as well as different ecclesiastical connections. Of course it is not because they associate you especially with either of these that they have gladly come to greet you; but because they have felt themselves variously and delightfully indebted to you as a fervent and quickening Christian scholar, loyal to your own convictions and Church, and for that very reason the more helpful to them. They have been instructed by your learning, animated by your eloquence, established afresh in some great conclusions by the shining strength of your commanding and stimulating thought, while invigorated in their own faith by that spirit of earnest faith in the divine religion for the world which marks and ennobles what you have written. They have followed with you the dim and sad path of the ancient seekers after God. They have seen with you the witness borne by history to Christ. They have trodden, under your guidance, in the footsteps of the majestic apostle to the Gentiles. They have watched through your eyes the winning and supreme figure on earth of Him whose coming made the epoch in its history, and filled its skies with tenderer and diviner light. The early days of Christianity, and the vast and vital messages of the books, they have been delighted to review with you; and it is a tribute of sincere and admiring gratitude for your large instruction and inspiring influence which they come to-day to offer.

They are happy, also, to have the opportunity to express their deep sense of the service which you have rendered to great interests of social reform, which enlist their lively sympathy, and to thank you for the grand and graceful tribute recently paid by you in Westminster Abbey to the leader of our armies amid the terrible stress and storm of the late civil war. A beloved and delightful American poet, whose bust now stands in the venerable Abbey, has truly told us that—

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Certainly this is with emphasis true when the noble thought, fitly spoken, illustrates worthily the noble deed, patiently and victoriously done. It is also a pleasant remembrance for us that some of us were permitted, through your invitation, to take part in raising in the parish church of St. Margaret's, with which you have been closely associated, a memorial window to Sir Walter Raleigh, whose grave is there, and thus to testify to the honor felt among Americans for that chivalric and brilliant leader in the English colonization of this country. We have not forgotten your active and eager sympathy with us in tracing, with affectionate reverence, the grand and pathetic beginnings of empire on this side of the ocean, when the foundations of great commonwealths were laid in toil, tears, and blood.

We are naturally reminded, as we gather in these rooms, of a similar reception given here some years ago, by your and our friend and host, Mr. Field, at which the beloved and honored Dean of the Abbey in which you minister was the illustrious guest. It seemed to us then, as we touched his hand and looked into his spiritual face, that his coming had knit us in more sympathetic and vital bonds with the Christian thought and life of England. We rejoiced with great joy, while he was with us, in every opportunity of sharing the wisdom which flowed from his

lips, as wine of life from a pure chalice. The silver cord was then soon loosed. The golden bowl was suddenly broken. But the memory of his visit, beautiful and sacred, remains with us still.

We trust that you, returning to the scenes of your great work, may be granted a continuance in earthly labor far surpassing what to him was permitted; that your coming years may be as fruitful in noble service as have been the past; and that your remembrance of the multitudes of your American readers may be always a happy one. And no other desire is so near our hearts as that the holy Kingdom of God, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, may be so established in beauty and power on both sides of the sea, through the labors of those who work with you and the labors of those who work with us, that the only rivalry between the two peoples shall afterward be in great thoughts and noble action; that the two nations divided by war a century ago, but speaking the common English tongue and sharing the inheritance of illustrious memories, with the fruitful blessing of illustrious struggles, shall bear together the banners of the Lord, whom both worship, to the ends of the earth! So, with sincerest esteem and honor, reverend and dear sir, in gratitude and in hope, we welcome and greet you.

THE ARCHDEACON'S REPLY.

Dr. Farrar replied somewhat more briefly than Dr. Storrs had spoken. His words were as follows:—

I cannot but regard this reception as one of the chief honors of my life. I cannot look upon it in any other light than as an incentive to continue in every effort of which I am capable for the advancement of the cause to which we are all allied. The Rev. Dr. Storrs has alluded to many of my books. I trust that you will not consider it egotistical if I refer to one or two of them. It was my endeavor in writing the Life of Christ to give a picture of our Lord's life as it was spent among men. It was His human example which I wished to define, not His divine acts, and as my book has been translated into so many languages and has been sold in so many editions, I cannot but think that it has met the views of many Christians. If any of you have thought that in my views of the eternal life I have stepped beyond the strict limit of Catholic orthodoxy, it may be apposite for me to say a few words about my position. I am not a heretic. [Laughter.] In a letter which I received from Dr. Pusey he said to me that if I could substitute the idea of a future probation, he thought that my views would be absolutely tenable. I replied I had no occasion to make any substitution, because to the best of my belief the word probation had not occurred in my sermons at all. In the second place, St. Gregory of Nyssa, one of the greatest and most eloquent of the church fathers, President of one of the four great ecumenical councils, a canonized priest, and said to be author of the additional sentences in the Nicene creed, expressed views in advance of mine, and he is yet accepted as a canonized saint in the Church of God. [Applause.] It has been mentioned that Dean Stanley was once received in these parlors. There were few men in England whom his death affected more than me. I have never ceased to grieve for the loss of one who was the link between royalty and the people, between the rich and the poor, and his memory will always exist as a sweetening influence in the Church. I think that here as in England the spirit of freedom shall exist and that beside it there will be the spirit of progress. The great tide of human knowledge is ever advancing. We must go with it or we shall have stagnant doctrines rotting in a sea of dead theology.

In closing my remarks I will extend to the churches of America what Edmund Burke desired for the Church of England: 'I wish to see the Church of England great and powerful; I wish to see her foundations laid low and deep, that she may crush the giant powers of rebellious darkness. I would have her head raised up to that heaven to which she conducts me. I would have her open wide her hospitable gates by a noble and liberal comprehension, but I would have no breaches in her wall. I would have her cherish all those who are with us, and pity all those who are without. I would have her a common blessing to the world; an example, if not an instructor, to those who have not the happiness to belong to her. I would have her give a lesson of peace to mankind, that a vexed and wandering generation might be taught to seek for repose and toleration in the maternal bosom of Christian charity, and not in the harlot lap of infidelity and indifference.'

And now let me pray that God's blessing be with you, and that when doing service you will be doing it for all mankind. I hope you will all think of me when I am far away in my own land, as I shall think of you, and that we shall all work for one common object, the Church of God.

THE LECTURE ON DANTE.

In the evening of the same day—Monday—Dr. Farrar delivered his first lecture in this city, his subject being Dante. Some extracts from his remarks are presented below:—

Of all the great poets of the world the three greatest are Aeschylus, Dante, and Milton, and the greatest of these is Dante. You may wonder at my apparent forgetfulness of Shakspeare, but I venture to say that the world will have another Shakspeare before it has another Dante. He combined all that was great in the poets that had gone before him, and he excelled all that followed him. By this I mean that his genius was the greatest, the most comprehensive in that most essential characteristic of a poet—a grasp and understanding of that most profound of all things of life—the religious side of mankind. His 'Divina Commedia' shows in every line the royal priesthood and immortal dignity of man who was made in the image of God and for whom Christ died. It is because such a poet seems peculiarly fitted to teach and elevate this age and make it blush for its own favorite vices that I have asked you to listen while I speak. If any young men are in my audience, I invite them to hold high a perpetual companionship with such souls as this, and if there are those who have found delight in meaner things I would hope that by taking to the study of Dante they might be induced to turn away from such follies and breathe the pure air of the great and immortal poet. God dipped his morsel in vinegar and gave it to him to drink. Is it wonderful that bitter words sometimes escaped him? But his loss was our gain. As in the case of many other poets, the gold was purged, through affliction, of all its dross and moulded into forms of eternal loveliness. Dante never desired other than a fit audience, though few. He warned off all base and feeble readers. What we learn from his great poem is his intense moral purpose, and those who do not care for moral purpose do not care for Dante. He wishes us to feel the same hatred and fierce scorn of sin wherewith God had inspired him, whether it takes the form of avarice, fraud, or lust. He sets sin before us both in its nature and punishment, now melting us with pity, now freezing us with horror, now inflaming us with indignation, but always placing before us this lesson that it is sin which is hell. You have all read the Book of Wisdom and you know the lesson of the last chapters of that remarkably eloquent book is this: that wherewithal man sinneth by the same also shall he be punished. It is always one sin and that a favorite one by which souls are destroyed.

Sometimes in a single line Dante infuses a moral lesson which is a moral gain for life. One lesson he teaches is that the forgiveness of sin is one thing and the remission of sin another. The spirits in Purgatory do not feel worthy to see God until the angels have brushed from their foreheads the seven letters which stand for the seven sins. That punishment is the easiest to bear which follows soonest on the sin. Another truth which Dante points out is the absolute necessity for repentance. He means to teach us, too, that there is danger in contact with evil. He feels the taint of the vices he looks on. He feels that he becomes base as he listens to the revilings of the base and false when he listens to treachery. Dante felt, as we all must feel, that there is no more certain proof of the being of God than the fact that He has created in every one of us a keen and sensitive instinct of beauty, and He has gratified, by the beauty of the outward universe, the instinct He has implanted within us, so that in everything, the beautiful and the sweet and the lovely, we see as it were the very autograph of God.

The poem on Paradise is the least read of all by the multitude. It is pre-eminently a poem of light. If you would understand the Paradise of Dante and feel its magic influence, you must bathe yourselves in light. You must clothe yourself in light, you must gaze on the light as with the eagle's undazzled eye; you must become, in the language of the Scripture, the children of light; for here he leaves the earth utterly behind him and speaks with no meaner beings than virgins and saints and patriarchs and apostles. Through all the scenes amid which he passes he is permitted to gaze for one instant on the supreme glory of God, the Trinity in Unity. Higher than that the wings of poetry cannot ascend and they are melted and sink down in intense gloom. The object is to hold up before men the purity of God's moral government, to arouse them to a sense of the mystery of their state, to point them to the beauty of the Christian temper, to teach them the fulness of the grace of God, to bring the human soul to a conception of the possibility of rising step by step into a joy not unimaginable by men, and yet of a higher order than the ideal of earth. His subject is not so much the state of souls after death, about which Dante knew just as much and just as

little as you or I, because he knew just as much and just as little as has been revealed to us by God. He does not mean to describe a kind of hell in which all mankind has ceased to believe as a reality, but behind this he means to give the full verity of a moral hell. His subject is not so much the state of souls after death as that man is rendering himself liable by the exercise of free will to the rewards and punishments of justice. It is solely by realizing such truths that any one of us can attain the ideal which Dante wanted to picture forth before us and help us to attain—the ideal of one who in boyhood is gentle and obedient and modest, in youth is temperate, resolute and loyal, in ripe years is prudent, just and generous, and who in age has attained to calm wisdom and to perfect peace in God.

THE LECTURE ON BROWNING.

On Tuesday morning the Archdeacon was entertained by Mr. Logan C. Murray at a private breakfast at the Union League Club, and on Wednesday evening he delivered his lecture on Robert Browning. Amongst other things he said :

Browning has been writing for fifty years and has published not less than twenty-five volumes of verse. Our gratitude to him should be all the warmer because for so long a period he has been giving us the deepest thoughts concerning man, expressed in the noblest speech. He was only twenty-one when he published his first poem, and it was but last year at the ripe age of seventy-two that he gave us the last. He has given not a book but a literature, and to have studied and understood him, I say deliberately, is a liberal education of itself. I do not know of any poet except Shakespeare in whom you will find so marvellous a portrait gallery. He brings his jewels from the East and West, from art and nature, from the Arabian and the Renaissance, from the classics and from the moderns, from Greece, Italy, and Palestine, France, England, Bagdad, America, Russia, from history, from fancy, from kings, revolutionary leaders, poor factory girls, cavaliers, gallant soldiers, Jews, noble and base, gypsies, metaphysicians, painters, dervishes, reformers, heretics—from everything that can ennoble and delight the mind, from every passion that can debase and elevate. I know of no poet more learned, exact and thorough. When he wishes to set before you a character or a vice he does not describe it or tell you about it, but he transfuses himself into it. He tries to make us see God in the human soul. He looks into the souls of other men and tries to see them not as men see them, but as God sees them. The two objections made against him are that he is not melodious and that he is obscure. He can be as melodious as Tennyson himself and pour forth a rhetoric as magnificent as Byron, while his blank verse is as faultless as that of any man. If he is not melodious it is not because of any lack of the power of melody, but because in him the sound is always subsidiary to the sense. He builds his poems out of rough blocks of marble, but whatever there may appear of roughness in them is not due, as people think, either to carelessness or defiance. He is obscure only in the sense that his thoughts are profound. It is simply verbal obscurity, the result of an idiosyncrasy which has become a habit, and an exaggeration which has become a merit. He thinks at full speed.

I think many of Browning's nature-paintings will take precedence of many of Tennyson's. Browning is didactic, as nature is didactic and as the universe is didactic. He sees nature as a great lesson, as the work of God, and tries to interpret it to us. He is essentially a poet of humanity. Many of you may wonder why Browning speaks rather angrily of Byron while he acknowledges his splendor and power. The reason is, Byron habitually spoke basely of mankind. You may recall Byron's address to the sea :

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll ;
but man to Browning is infinitely greater and grander than any number of leagues of agitated water. Browning is above all a supremely religious poet.

Poets and Politics.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THE most dissimilar things are often found to be closely related to each other. Toryism and Democracy, if Lord Randolph Churchill is not mistaken, are an instance in point. Politics and Poetry have a more assured connection, though they are quite as unlike. One concerns practical and immediate things, the fleeting aspects of the day, the rivalries of men and systems; the other is not of the day, but of all days,—it concerns the deeper problems of life and the higher truths of the imagination.

These are points of difference; more apparent, it must be said, than real; but there is something that reconciles them. It is the quality of human nature common alike to poetry and to politics, and from which both of them derive their deepest interest. When a poet like William Morris becomes an active exponent of Socialism, we feel at first a shock of surprise. There seems to be such an utter incongruity between mediæval and classic romance and modern revolution, that the phenomenon bewilders us. But we remember that a poet is above all men an enthusiast, and that of all enthusiasms the enthusiasm of humanity is the most absorbing to poetic sensibilities, and the anomaly is thus in some measure explained.

The same enthusiasm conducted in Shelley to even more extravagant results. But Shelley was always a creature of impulse. It was only in relapses from a state of passionate fervor that he cultivated a placid muse. Yet this fierce enthusiasm of humanity redeems in him the flagrant excesses it occasions. In Byron it is wholly redeeming and exalting. It inspired the only ambition in his life for which his life and poetry were the better. But the age of Byron and Shelley was one, in England, of class-privilege and intolerance; on the Continent, of desperate and just revolt,—an age when there needed no Socialistic imagination to discover grievances or invent tyrannies. Coleridge, in his youth, and even Southey, shared the ardor of the time, though with them it did not last long. Their pantisocratic aspirations were never very serious, and the little family arrangement to be carried out on the banks of the Susquehanna could not have affected any one outside their own small circle. But Coleridge, in one of his finest odes, has recorded the effect upon himself of the spirit of revolution :—

When France her giant limbs upreared
And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared !

Before the time when these reminiscences were written down, the poet had exchanged the passion of hope for the condition of philosophic calm. It is rather by philosophy than passion that freedom may be understood; but it does not help us much to know that the poet, after all, found it 'on the sea-cliff's verge'—

Possessing all things with intensest love,
O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

It would have been strange had it not; and it may be that it was best to turn at once from the horrors which the ode recapitulates to the repose of nature,—but it would have been more courageous if the poet had put in contrast with the anarchist travesty of liberty that true liberty to which a distressed nation might aspire.

England is no longer a distressed nation. She has passed in her time through terrible revolutions; she has achieved mighty reforms; and whatever may still be wanting to her perfect well-being, she is already the freest and most enlightened country of the globe. Surely, then, it might be thought, this is a time when the poet should again take to the pipe of peace. We look to him to help us to keep our freedom, to instruct us in the use of it, to lead us in the pursuit of those higher gains and pleasures to which it ministers—but we no longer look to him for a war-cry. Mr. William Morris, however, thinks that a war-cry is still needed, and that it is the office of the poet to supply it. If Mr. Swinburne's revolutionary utterances are not purely academical, he may be supposed to agree with him,—though, unlike Mr. Morris, who is prepared to head the fray, he is content to leave the fighting to others. Mr. Morris accordingly suspends—if he has not finally abandoned—his devotion to mediæval romance, and seeks an earthly paradise in an impossible future, instead of again finding it in a legendary past which his genius made real. Let us say that we entirely respect his motives, while we lament the ends to which his labors are directed. We honor even the mistaken enthusiasm of humanity that sways the poet; but we cannot too much regret the mischievous excesses into which it betrays him. He sees only the end he desires, an end which his imagination invests with colors of its own and with qualities only possible in a community of minds like his own. The methods and intermediate details, of which the impassioned advocate does not pause to take account, are devised by other men,—not poets, often not enthusiasts, sometimes desperate and unscrupulous schemers. Whatever may be its final aims, Socialism involves in some of its stages revolution, spoliation, the subversion of all reasonable law; and these are not things which we would willingly associate with the name of William Morris.

But it must not be supposed that poets, in their relation to politics, are always impracticable and extravagant. They are pioneers of reform by the strength of their sympathies; and it is

in the power of the poet, beyond all other men, to evoke sympathy and beget enthusiasm. But we do not need to be always reforming, any more than children should be always learning the alphabet. We think we have done fairly well, so well that we may even take a little rest, and it is provoking to be told that the fighting has yet all to come. We turn from Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne, when they tell us so, to the wiser counsels of the Poet-Laureate. He lacks nothing of the true enthusiasm of humanity. The social hopes of men have never been more vividly expressed than in the stirring verses of 'Locksley Hall.' Nor has English patriotism ever found a bolder voice, whether for defiance or defence, and whether against a common foe outside or usurpation and intolerance at home. Again and again, in times of national heat, when the hearts of the whole people have been moved by one strong passionate impulse, he has interpreted the common feeling as no one else could. 'I have felt with my native land,' he says; 'I am one with my kind.' And now, in a time of partial repose, when the ground won is an assurance of the easy conquest of what remains to be won, it is he who best tells us where we stand, and what England is:—

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

Thus, in four terse lines he gives us a perfect account of our legislative system and its result—that result of social order and constitutional freedom which distinguishes us among all nations. If the younger poets will be admonished by Lord Tennyson, they will not 'feed with crude imaginings wild hearts and feeble wings.' There are two factors in political and social life of which the Laureate makes much, and the younger poets very little. These are Knowledge and Reverence. 'Make Knowledge circle with the winds,' says the elder poet, 'but let her herald, Reverence, fly before her.' It is not conceivable that if the Socialists would get knowledge and practise reverence, they would persist in their present endeavors. We do not claim reverence for classes or class interests, as such, but we do claim it for those principles of order, and justice, and mutual observance, upon which society is founded, and without which it could not exist. Extremists always assume themselves to be well informed when they possess only the little knowledge which is proverbially dangerous. With more complete enlightenment they would shun the perilous courses in which they run blindly:—

Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.

The Laureate, only a few months ago, returned to the subject of the poems from which we have quoted, in a poem on 'Freedom,' published in *Macmillan's Magazine*. With more force, if possible; with even greater dignity, if that might be; with a deeper sense of the responsibility of the voice that spoke, the now aged poet again invoked that true freedom he had sung many years before:—

O scorner of the party cry,
Thou loather of the lawless crown
As of the lawless crowd;

How long thine ever-growing mind
Hath stilled the blast and strown the wave,
Though some of late would raise a wind
To sing thee to thy grave,

Men loud against all forms of power—
Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues—
Expecting all things in an hour—
Brass mouths and iron lungs.

These are strong words, and some of them cannot be applied to Mr. William Morris. But he appears to give the sanction of his name and genius to the schemes of men to whom they are altogether applicable. On the subject of Socialism we have little more to say. We are at one with the Socialists in their demand for freedom of speech; we would join them in any effort to better, by legitimate means, the condition of any class that may still be suffering and overweighted; but in regard to the order and systems they would uproot, we share the Laureate's grateful reflection,—

We are a people yet;
Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in biown seas and storming showers.

Current Criticism

THE PENALTIES OF POPULARITY.—It has been reported by somebody who ought to have known better—for on matters relating to so widely popular a writer nobody has any excuse for being ill informed—that Mr. Lewis Morris (of Penbryn) was a candidate for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. Than which nothing could be further from the truth, as Mr. Morris has very promptly and impressively explained. 'I should not,' he confides to the Editor of the *Times*, 'feel at liberty to criticise the methods and aims of contemporary writers for whose genius I entertain the most sincere respect, and without this no useful work could be done by me. That some one may be found who is not, as a popular writer must be, bound by such considerations is, looking to the present condition of so-called criticism of verse, my earnest hope.' Now, indeed, we see how far this inconsiderate statement is removed from the truth. It is removed from it by all the space which divides Mr. Morris as a poet from unpopular poets, and as a critic from those whose criticism is only 'so-called.' . . . It would be absurd to appoint Mr. Morris to a Professorial Chair in order that he might criticise the methods and aims of those writers only for whose genius he entertains a sincere contempt, or even merely an insincere respect. But it is his reason which we find curious. He cannot criticise these writers, because he himself is so very popular. Stated syllogistically, the argument would run thus:—No very popular writer can criticise the methods and aims of those contemporaries for whose genius, etc., he entertains the most sincere respect. Mr. Lewis Morris (of Penbryn) is a very popular writer. Ergo, Mr. Lewis Morris cannot, etc. The form of the syllogism is irreproachable. Some people will stick at the major premiss, as we confess that we ourselves do; but everybody will be forced to admit the minor. And we have heard it said by one (so-called) critic that this premiss (paradoxical as it may appear to a logician) was really the conclusion which Mr. Morris intended to enforce.—*The Saturday Review*.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN GERMANY.—I find some few American books in the stalls, but they are not as numerous as German books in Chicago stores. Most of them are ordered for customers, and I am sometimes amused to see what German readers fancy, when, as is almost always the case, they buy an American print as a bit of luxury. The stall-keeper at the Fisch-Markt is a gossiping fellow, and he delights to give the *personale* of his readers. I saw with him Mrs. Anagnos's 'Philosophical Quæstor'—bought for a physician's daughter who was curious to know more of the Concord School of Philosophy. At another time he laid before me a valuable little work on 'Money in Politics,' that he had ordered for Herr Sonnenberg, the Councillor, who found in it a complete history of our American circulating medium. The Governmental officials are perennially interested in our politics, and such books as they can buy on that subject they are eager for. Indeed, I have it on good authority that Bismarck himself is a frequent buyer of English books, and only a few days before the last meeting of the Bundesrat he quoted in his own Cesaristic way from that unique and logical work, 'An Appeal to Cæsar,' by Judge Tourgee.—*Crefeldt, Germany, Correspondence Chicago Evening Journal*.

AN OCCASION TO BE REMEMBERED.—In October I accompanied Lord Houghton to Roslyn to visit Mr. Bryant. One evening the two poets yielded to the solicitation of some of the guests, and each recited selections from his own poetry—a violence to his modesty to which I doubt if Mr. Bryant, at least, had ever submitted before. He began by reading 'October,' after ward assigning as a reason for the selection that it was the shortest of all his poems, but later, yielding to the persuasion of his audience, he read 'The Death of the Flowers' and 'The Fringed Gentian.' Lord Houghton read, as nearly as I can remember, 'Half Truth,' 'Strangers Yet,' and 'Passed Friendship.' As we sat listening to these white-haired, venerable bards reciting their own verses, it required no effort of the imagination to fancy ourselves transported back to the Middle Ages, to the time, if not to the Court, of Richard of the Lion Heart,

When ladies' suit and minstrels' strain
By knight were never heard in vain.

I was so much interested in watching the poets that what they recited became of secondary interest. Two men more unlike in their theories of human life, its legitimate purposes and results, could hardly be imagined; yet both had in common venerable age, exquisite literary culture and undisputed social prestige. It was apparent from the first that each was trying to

entertain two very distinct audiences—one the rival poet and the other their common listeners. It was somewhat more difficult for Bryant than for Houghton to yield to our appeals. He had a constitutional aversion to being the hero of his own comedy, and it was not till refusal would seem to 'dull the edge of hospitality' that he surrendered himself a cheerful victim. There was a pretty strife of modesty between them, neither wishing to betray his own estimate of his verses by his manner of reading them, nor yet indifferent to the impression they would make. The poems they selected might have been rendered more dramatically and more melodiously by a reader who had not to strive with the responsibilities of authorship, but by no one else so effectively. All who heard them felt that the lines recited by these two venerable scolds on this occasion were thenceforth more to them than they ever had been or could be to those who had only read them.—*John Bigelow, in Harper's Monthly.*

MR. BUNNER'S 'AIRS FROM ARCADY.'—This is one of the cleverest and happiest volumes of verse that America has sent us for many years. In its brightness, its humor, its pathos, and its general hold of reality it is often truly delightful. Its *vers de société* is no less winsome and charming than its serious pieces are strong and touching. So much mere metrical cleverness rarely accompanies such honest power. There is not a poem in the collection that has not its own peculiar merit. Some echoes of other poets are inevitable where the notes of passion are so various. Sometimes, as in 'Candor,' the dramatic force of Mr. Browning is imitated; and sometimes, as in the poem written for the first page of an album, it is Rossetti's lyric purity and vivid picturesqueness that is laid under contribution. But whether Mr. Browning or Rossetti, Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Locker, is the touchstone of inspiration, the product is always fresh and sufficiently original.—*The Academy.*

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND 'LITERATURE AND DOGMA.'—Though not himself a wit, Lord Shaftesbury has one small claim to remembrance, among many infinitely greater, as the occasion of one of the most famous epigrams of our time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has deleted from the last edition of 'Literature and Dogma' his comparison of the central mystery of orthodox Christianity to a triune Lord Shaftesbury 'infinitely magnified and improved.' The great philanthropist, not at all flattered by the allusion, had qualified it as 'abominable'; and, this coming to Mr. Arnold's ears, he wrote in the preface to the cheap edition: 'The illustration has given pain in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it.' Mr. Arnold acted wisely and gracefully; but a barbed arrow of speech is not so easily withdrawn. . . . It may not be altogether rash to predict that if Mr. Arnold's essay is remembered at all a hundred years hence it will be by reason of the 'abominable illustration.'—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

Notes

—'KING ARTHUR: Not a Love Story,' by Dinah Maria Craik, will be begun early in the new year in *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Archibald Forbes will describe 'Christmas-tide with the Germans before Paris' in the January *Harper's*.

—'The Minister's Charge' is the name of Mr. Howells's new story, the publication of which will be begun in a winter number of *The Century*.

—D. Appleton & Co. have just published 'A Strong-minded Woman; or, Two Years After,' a sequel to 'Lal,' by Dr. William A. Hammond; and 'Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War,' by Admiral David D. Porter.

—'The first volume of the new edition of "George Eliot's Life," which is now ready for publication,' says *The Athenaeum*, 'will contain some further contributions to what Mr. Cross has already told regarding the period during which Miss Evans's religious beliefs were undergoing a change. An appendix of recollections by Mrs. John Cash, of Coventry, gives many interesting particulars of conversations with Miss Evans while questions of religious doubt were uppermost in her mind; and Mrs. Cash, we understand, comes to the conclusion that discrepancies between religious professions and practical conduct were at that time one of the chief causes of Miss Evans's repulsion from Christianity. Mrs. Cash, who during the Foleshill days was much in George Eliot's company, mentions many traits and ob-

servations which are thoroughly characteristic of the future novelist.'

—Miss Mamie Dickens, the eldest daughter of the novelist, has written a brief biography of her father for a series published by Cassell & Co. She gives many charming pictures of his home life, and tells a number of characteristic anecdotes of him that will be new to the public.

—The mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are again to be the scene of a novel by a lady. The new author is Miss M. G. McClelland, the publishers are Henry Holt & Co., and the novel is 'Oblivion.'

—In the 'Memoirs of Adam Black,' edited by Alexander Nicolson, we find this interesting bit of information:—In 1827 he purchased the copyright of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' concerning which Sheriff Nicolson supplies some authentic and highly interesting information. The publication of the seventh edition was commenced in March 1830, and was completed in 1842. 'The outlay on this edition was £108,766, of which £8,755 were expended on editing, £13,887 on contributions, £13,158 on plates, £29,279 on paper, £19,813 on printing, £3,356 on stereotyping, £14,305 on binding, and £5,354 on advertising.'

—The library of the late Sir Moses Montefiore has been sold—which is not so strange as that none of the books 'were worthy of special mention.'

—John Codman Ropes's military and political sketch of 'The First Napoleon' will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. next month. The same house will issue Mrs. E. M. O'Connor's Life of Myrtilla Miner, a three-volume set of Stedman's works in prose and poetry, and a new edition of Beardsley's 'Life and Times of William Samuel Johnson.'

—The Thomas Popular Concerts will begin at the Academy of Music on Tuesday next, November 3, and will continue twice a week until April. There will be afternoon concerts in addition. Both promise to be unusually interesting, and their success is a foregone conclusion.

—The latest veteran to shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won (or lost) is W. H. Swallow, formerly of the Army of Northern Virginia, who will tell in detail, in *The Southern Bivouac* for November, what Lee's army did from the time it crossed the Potomac to the eve of Gettysburg.

—A Southern correspondent, referring to Mr. Harrington's recent letter on Poe (*THE CRITIC*, Oct. 3), says:—If his account of Mrs. Osgood's assertion as to Poe's having grossly insulted her be true, what are we to think of Mrs. Osgood herself, who subsequently declared (in letters since published) that Poe was an absolute chevalier 'sans peur et sans reproche,' in his intercourse with ladies; refers to his tenderness towards his young wife Virginia; and, in fine, paints from Poe as the original a perfect portrait of a fastidious gentleman, so far as his intercourse with the virtuous and worthy of her own sex was concerned?

—A new monthly, to be called *The Open Door*, will be revealed to the public some time in November. Its object is to encourage the mute inglorious Miltons who are supposed to be wandering all over the country with 'Paradise Losts' in their pockets, in search of editors astute enough to recognize their worth.

—Mr. J. C. Nimmo will issue an English edition of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange,' with Mr. A. B. Frost's illustrations.

—Lord Tennyson has been appointed to the presidency of the London Library Society, made vacant by the death of Lord Houghton, and Sir John Lubbock has been appointed trustee, an office also previously held by Lord Houghton.

—An illustrated edition of 'John Bull and his Island,' the engravings being supplied by Mr. Harris, art master at St. Paul's School, is being prepared. M. Blouet, better known as Max O'Rell, is about to leave England on a two-years' lecturing tour in the United States. He has relinquished his mastership at St. Paul's.

—The library of the late Charles Storrs, of Brooklyn, containing many illuminated vellum manuscripts and early-printed books, is under the hammer of George A. Leavitt & Co. The sale began on Thursday and closes to-night (Saturday).

—A committee of men, eminent in literature and science, has been formed in northwestern Germany, for the purpose of erecting a monument in honor of the late Levin Schücking, author of 'Luther in Rome,' 'Grosse Menschen,' etc. It will be set up in the ancient town of Münster, the capital of Westphalia. Two

brothers and a daughter of Schücking are now living in Washington.

—Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' will soon be begun in *Harper's Weekly*. There will be a fine Christmas number of the *Weekly* this year, to which Julian Hawthorne will contribute a story, which will be illustrated, and Howard Pyle will also contribute a story, illustrated by himself.

—An anonymous correspondent, who read the translation from Victor Hugo reprinted in these columns on Oct. 10, sends us the following version of the same song :

Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

—*The Voice*—not the Prohibition organ of that name, but a monthly devoted to the cultivation of the vocal organ—is printing a series of articles on the Delarte system of dramatic expression. Steele Mackaye writes to the author, Miss Genevieve Stebbins, that she is 'the only one of my pupils now living whom I can conscientiously recommend or gladly authorize to teach what I teach myself.'

—*Lippincott's Magazine* has been reduced in price to \$2 a year. If the new editor is to be credited with this change, as well as with the proposed change in the date of publication, he has made an excellent beginning.

—On November 20 Ginn & Co. will have ready an 'Introduction to the Language and Verse of Homer,' by Prof. T. D. Seymour, of Yale. Scott's 'Talisman,' edited by Dwight Holbrook, for their series of Classics for Children, will be ready before December.

—An edition of 'Sakoontala,' printed on Japan paper and limited to one hundred copies, will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

—The second portion of the library of Mr. Frederick Broughton, late Manager of the Great Western Railway, was sold—or was to have been sold—at auction, in Toronto, on Thursday and Friday of this week. It was particularly strong in works relating to Canada and the United States.

—Messrs. White, Stokes & Allen desire us to call attention to the fact that the pages of their 'Recent American Etchings' are 17x13 inches in size, instead of 17x3, as their advertisement erroneously stated.

—A new volume of 'The Land and the Book,' by Rev. Wm. M. Thompson, will soon be issued by Harper & Bros. It is called 'Lebanon, Damascus and Beyond Jordan,' and it completes the set of three volumes on this subject. 'Beyond the Grave,' a translation by Dr. S. T. Lowrie from the German of Dr. H. Cremer, with an introduction by Dr. Hodge, is also in the Harpers' press.

—M. L. B. W., of Portland, Me., sends us this protest against the besetting sin of current literature—its shallow cleverness :—We have too much, and too little, culture. We are too ambitious. If our talents could, to speak vulgarly, be boiled down and then cooled off, the airy nothings might evaporate, and the residuum might be creditable to ourselves and of value to the public. We are too ready to rush into print, and our readers are too like us not to be quite ready to buy, skim over, or drift through, our milk-and-water efforts, which yet have a slight flavor of cleverness, a ray of Yankee brightness, and a breath of real feeling. We spoil the public, and the public spoils us. We travel rapidly, we read rapidly, we live rapidly, with our minds at fever heat. We cannot stop to do anything thoroughly, because life is too full. We attempt too much—and there are only twenty-four hours in the day. We dare not pause in the race because our world will get ahead of us, and forget us, and that our vanity forbids. Our minds become rag-bags, stuffed with unassorted scraps of thoughts and ideas, mixed with much trash in the way of false sentiment and falser morality. We are in a transition state. The old we have cast aside, and the new is vague, uncrystallized, and gives us nothing solid upon which to stand. Heaven help the next generation, if our children are to begin where we leave off ! We, at least, have lingering remnants of the sacred 'superstitions' of our fathers. Simplicity of life, of religious faith, of belief in the Eternal Good, was their inheritance, and we have a few crumbs of what they gave us to fall back upon when we are starving, and when 'modern thought' fails to satisfy the cravings of our hearts and souls. But alas for our descendants !

The Critic

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1049.—What is the best and most available book on Denmark? Did Bayard Taylor describe the country in his sketches of Northern travel?

A. B. C.

[A book called 'Danish Days,' by G. W. Griffin, published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, appeared in a second edition in 1875. The price was \$1.75. Bayard Taylor's 'Northern Travel' (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50) is devoted in part to Denmark and the Danes, and an article entitled 'Winter Pictures of Denmark' was printed in *The Eclectic Magazine* in 1850—Vol. XIX, p. 526. 'The Revival of Society in Denmark' was the title of a paper by Clemens Petersen, published in *The Atlantic* in 1873—Vol. XXXI, p. 879.]

No. 1050.—Will you kindly give the correct pronunciation of the last name of George Eliot—that is, whether the e is long or short?

S. S. S.

[The e is short.]

No. 1051.—Please tell me how to pronounce the word *dude*. I once gave *THE CRITIC* as my authority for dividing it into two syllables, but as I can't find it in the back numbers of the paper, I fear I was wrong.

TERRY, MISS.

M. E. C.

[You certainly were. It rhymes with *rude*.]

No. 1052.—Will you kindly print the following lines in your correspondence column, and if possible give me the author's name?

And, as the path of duty is made plain,
May grace be given that I may walk therein.
Not like the hireling, for his selfish gain,
With backward glances and reluctant tread,
Making a merit of his coward dread,—
But, cheerful, in the light around me thrown,
Walking as one to pleasant service led ;
Doing God's will as if it were my own,
Yet trusting not in mine but in His strength alone.

BOSTON, MASS.

H.

No. 1053.—Would you be kind enough to copy from your Poole the list of articles on humor and humorists, and also give me a list of books upon the subject of humor?

MT. PLEASANT, PA.

J. H. R.

[We shall have to refer you to the book itself, which should be available in every public library. Thackeray's essays on the English humorists (2 vols., paper, 50 cents), Dr. John Brown's sketch of Thackeray, and the Hon. S. S. Cox's 'Why We Laugh' (\$1.50), will help you to what you want. Mr. Cox's book and 'The English Humorists' are published by Harper & Bros.]

No. 1054.—I want to find the whereabouts of an old ballad called 'Allen Percy,' beginning, 'I saw a lady richly dressed.'

A. R. B.

No. 1055.—When did the following named writers die—Victor Hugo, Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.'), Hugh Conway, Lord Houghton, Stanly Huntley, Mrs. Ewing, Edmund About, and S. S. Conant, editor of *Harper's Weekly*? DELTA, IOWA.

G. N. I.

[Mr. About died about the middle of January last, F. J. Fergus ('Hugh Conway') about the middle of May, Victor Hugo on May 22d, Mrs. Ewing some time in the same month, Lord Houghton at the beginning of the second week in August, and Mrs. Jackson on August 12th. Mr. Conant disappeared at the end of January, but is not positively known to be dead.]

ANSWERS.

No. 959.—The poem, 'A Woman's Question,' beginning,

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,

is by Adelaide Proctor, and appears in her works.

X.

No. 1036.—R. L. T., of Birmingham, Ala., sends us a Confederate note bearing on its back, in printed characters, the verses reproduced in our issue of October 17. A. H. D. can have it, if he will send us his address.

C. M.

No. 1041.—E. W. P. will find Griswold's Memoir of Poe in the works of the late Edgar Allan Poe, published by Redfield, New York, 1850, in three 12mo volumes. Any second-hand bookdealer can get him a copy.

EXETER, N. H.

DO NOT FORGET that THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn., is a strong Life Company, having larger assets in proportion to its liabilities than any other successful company doing business in this country.

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